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The Soul of the Trenches



by Guy Manners



THE SOUL OF THE TRENCHES

BY
GUY MANNERS

SAN FRANCISCO
1918

PS 350.8
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1918

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1918

SUNSET PUBLISHING HOUSE
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OCT 17 1918

Cantonments

THE GUNS

What will it take to beat the Huns?
The world's best manhood and guns! guns! guns!
Mammoth guns of an hundred tons
That shatter the world with their roar;
Great long tubes of hammered steel
That bellow a challenge without thought of appeal.
Bethlehem guns! Creosote guns! British naval guns!
Guns that batter the hinges from Hell
As they smash down Berlin's door.
What else will it take to beat the Huns?
The women behind the men of the guns—
Women who do and women who dare,
Women whose souls are over there,
Women who look in the eyes of their men,
Who send them forward with their "At them again!"
Women who stand by their men, hip to hip,
With vengeance in soul, a cheer on their lip;
American women in red, white and blue,
Working, praying, fighting, seeing the awful game through;
Women of Belgium, Britain and France,
Hurling defiance, as the Prussians advance;
Italian women, a new hope in their soul,
Listening, listening, to the eternal roll
Of the Allied guns—smashing the Huns.
God bless the thunderous, sonorous
 sound of our *guns, guns, guns*.

WHEN WE'VE WHIPPED THE KULTURED BEAST

Sure we've got no Danny Deever here to hang,
And we've got no one to take Mulvaney's place,
We've got no Rudyard Kipling
With army argot rippling,
To glorify our rookies and bring them face to face
With the screaming shells that burst up in the air,
With the shriek of "shrap" and whine of leaden hail,
And we've got no Gunga Din—
'Tis a bloomin' murtherin' sin—
But we'll order them, and get them without fail.

And they'll come to us in suits of khaki gray,
And we'll rhyme about the things yet to be done;
For when they up and do the thing,
There'll be some one here to sing
About the Yankee Boys who helped to win Verdun.
We are cruel, young and tender at the game,
For we've never had an army in the East,
But there's time enough to win a poet's fame
When we've whipped the blitherin' Kultured Prussian beast.

So we must not give the game up in despair,
And bawl for bleedin' ballads to be read;
For the things we're going to do
Are up to me and you,
And we'll glorify our heroes—both the living and the dead.
So here's your loaded guns and your khaki cartridge belts,
And here's your fleet of gaunt gray fighting battleships;
We've an army now in France—
Soon 't will get the word, "Advance!"
And the things we're going to do are on the whole World's lips.

So take your place in line—
By the gods, but you look fine!
You're the World's last hope—the one safe bet.
Go and make a hero's name
In the awful, bloody game,
And we'll glorify you always in a way you won't forget.

THE HUN THAT IS UNDER

You don't have to get out and get under
When you're up in a flying machine,
Up in the clouds in God's thunder,
Up where the lightnings gleam.
It's a frightful game to wage war in the sky,
To redden with blood the clouds there on high,
But it's a glorious place to fight or die,
Away from the world's unutterable cry.
It takes a man to play that game,
Up where the chances are a hundred to one;
It's a wonderful place to carve out a name,
Whipping the Hun in the glare of the sun!
You don't have to worry, you don't have to wonder,
For you're knocking hell out of the Hun that is under.

THEY ARE READY

Not a bugle call, not a harsh drum beat,
Only the sound of marching feet;
A million men here, a million men there,
Oh, for a million of them in the air!
Miles and miles of men, stern of face,
Silently shifting themselves into place.
Not a voice in protest from the ranks is heard—
They've been put to the test, they're awaiting the word.
Attention!
Close up!
Close up!
Salute the God above!
Now steady!
Think for a moment of those you love, then fight like Hell!
For you're ready.
Shoulder to shoulder, side by side,
Surging for miles, a human tide,
Millions of men—calm, cold and stern,
Caring not if they never return,
Heads erect, eyes straight ahead.
Quietly, men, firm and steady!
Thousands of them will be shot down dead. But—thank the
good God!—
They are ready.

THE FLANDERS FRONT

Fling out the folds of the Red, White and Blue
Across the sky on the Flanders Front;
The soil is wet with a deep, red hue,
Kiddies' tears mix with the blood-stained dew,
A voice from France calls to me and to you—
"Come across! Come across to the Flanders Front!"

The Stars and Stripes wave Over There
Across the sky on the Flanders Front;
The demons of death hover high in the air,
The children scream and moan in despair;
On the lips of the women of France is this prayer—
"Come across! Come across to the Flanders Front."

We are rushing our ships 'cross the treacherous sea,
Across the blue deep to the Flanders Front;
We will give our lives—both you and me,
We will fight until the dawn of eternity,
With our blood we'll demand that the whole world be free—
We are going across, going across to the Flanders Front.

We will fight through the thick of shot and shell
Where blood flows like rivers on Flanders Front,
We will drive the Hun to the front door of Hell,
We shall never cease, until Democracy's bell
Has sounded Autocracy's funeral knell.
The American fighting man is across on the blood-red
Flanders Front!

THE BATTLESHIPS

Our great gray ships put out to sea,
When the winds blow a gale from the south;
Great, phantom strings of ghostly things
That pound their way—on to Cattedog Bay.
And we wait for an answer from across the sea,—
An answer which comes from the cannon's mouth.
Oh, the stoker sings, as the warning bell rings:

"We will crowd on steam—we will rush along
"And go down to our death with a sailor's song,
"For we are the heroes in the guts of the ships,
"With sweat on our face—a thirst on our lips,—
"What care we, how the winds do blow,
"For we are the masters of fate, here below!"

The gun crews stand by their monsters of steel,
As the giant gray ship quivers and shakes;
They watch the battered foe shiver and reel
As a shot from their ten-inch gun overtakes
His mad race to steam past the danger zone.
Then the man on the bridge at the telephone
Hoarsely whispers to the chief below:

"Cut her down, Matey! just a point or two slow!
"Ease her up a bit! bank your furnace fire!
"Every shot was a hit! there's no use to tire
"Your stokers' gang and your engines' crew!
"Ease her up, old man! the bloody game's through!
"For we've answered them a shot for a shot,
"We have handed them back a shell for a shell,
"We have made on the ocean a blood red blot,
"For we've sent another sea pirate to Hell!"

The wind blows and screams across Skagerack,
The green foam leaps on our fighting deck,
What care we if we never come back,
For we never question and we never reck;
We never reck of the terrible odds
But rush through the seething billows gray,
Ready to give our lives to the gods
Who send us forth in battle array.

CALIFORNIA

A deep gash of bronze stained earth,
A distant mountain peak grim and tall,
A smiling valley full of laughing mirth,
A depth of river, a gurgling waterfall,
A handful of feathery traveling cloud,
A sweep of gray and turquoise sky,
A rustling bit of breeze that whispers loud—
A perfect day which soon must die.
And then a heaven full of stars that shine,
A floating moon in almost liquid blue,
A bit of earth, a bit of heaven, sweet, divine—
The ghostly presence of a Love once true;
These are the conjurings of a peaceful day
Spent within the solitude of your velvet hills,—
California, my heart's delight, could I but pray
To live forever where your beauty thrills!
The sound of distant war—the ghastly thought
Of hastening legions marching on to death—
Leaves but an echo of the battles fought
That scarce disturbs you. A fleeting breath
Of mountain roses lingers in the air,
A kiss of morning dew reposes on thy breast;
California, thou soul's content! serenely fair,
You are the one earth's spot which I love best.

The Trenches

THE AMERICAN ARMY YELL

Rookie, Rookie, fall in line,
Left foot, right foot, now mark time;
Watchful waiting days are over,
No more army pigs in clover.

Soon you'll be somewhere in France,
Waiting for the word, "Advance!"
Looking through a periscope,
Rushing trenches on a lope.

What shall be your Battle Cry?
"On to Berlin! 'There's a reason why!'"
Get the Kaiser! get his son!
Remember Belgium and Verdun!

Knock out Kultur! Knock it stiff!
Smash the junkers in midriff.
Root them! shoot them!! boot them, too!!
Then they'll cheer the Red, White and Blue.

WE'RE GOING TO GET THE KAISER

A Hun with a gun this bloody war begun,
He was looking for a place in the bloomin' red sun.
Said the Kaiser to the Crown Prince, "On with the dance!
Here's your army! Now go smashing through Belgium into
France;
Kill the women and the children! Burn the churches to the
ground!
Butcher every Englishman, no matter where he's found!
Sink the ships of the neutrals, for I own the sea—
To hell with America! She can't lick 'Gott Und Me.' "
We met the bloody Huns, they were five million strong,
Now the bloomin' French and British sing this song:

We beat you at the Marne,
We beat you at the Aisne,
We gave you Hell at Neuve Chappelle,
And here we are again.

We will beat you in the air,
We will beat you in the trench,
But we'll play the game fair,
We, the British! Yank! and French!

So come out you bloomin' quitters, come out and fight;
Quit your hidin' in the trenches, come and play the game right;
For you know you're up against it,—you baby killin' Hun,—
And we're going to *get* the Kaiser and his Little Son of a Gun.

LET'S WIN TODAY

Oh, the bally things that we haven't done,
And the blooming things that we're going to do
While the warships float 'neath a copper sun!—
Is that the way to see it through?
Oh, the trenches dug and the hills that are stormed,
By the gallant men on the battle ground,
And the blazing guns on the terrains formed
Shouting their blooming bellowing sound.
They're over the top to their hips in blood
With their Lewis gun and their bayonet,
A ghastly bunch in a sea of mud,
Making a fight that the world won't forget.
Senators rant and commoners scold,
Strategists plan, and the war boards meet,
And the cry goes out for steel and gold,
While they plan and scheme for Prussian defeat.
Oh, we need a *leader*, with a soul of iron,
With a brain as sharp as a herring bone,
With his mind made up to cross the Rhine
Even though he go over alone!
We can make the fight as long as we choose,
We can shower the world with a bloody spray,
But the time must come when we *win* or *lose*—
Let's Win! Not tomorrow, let's Win Today!

"THE ARTILLERY MAN"

He stood by the red hot breech of the gun
And jammed in a three-inch shell,
With his head thrown back, his eyes to the sun,
And his soul at the threshold of Hell.
He had played the game all his hard life long
Where the smear of red blood stained the ground,
The whine of shrapnel to him was a song
And the zip of a bullet a syncopate sound.
The hair on his breast was like a tangled mat
Where the blood from his jaw was smeared,
It mixed with the sweat 'neath the brim of his hat
O'er his eyes that were reddened and seared;
He fought like Hell in this narrow defile,
With his face to the foe in disdain,
O'er his slitted slashed lips was a demon's smile,
Not a thought for the agonized pain;—
Off to the right in the fire and smoke
A long creeping line crouched and lay—
He turned the crank of his gun, it spoke
Of a dozen Hells loosed, a quick judgment day!
A thirst on his lips, a void in his gut,
A gash in his breast where a mauser crashed through;
He stood like a statue with lips tight shut—
He was straining his eyes for the God in the blue.
He laughed as he saw the Christ on the Throne,
He railed in derision, he cursed in hate,
'Cross the gray battlefield the sunlight shone—
A straight narrow road to Hell's open gate.
They would get him soon, they would tear out his heart,
They would wrench from his body his battered soul,
He had done his best, he had played his part,
He was ready to answer the long last roll.

He thought of his kids, he thought of his wife,
He thought of his mother, he thought of her prayer,
He thought of the rotten things of his life—
He knew that he'd never meet her up there.
Why in the Hell had they played this game,
What was the damn thing all about?
Oh! 'twas his country and her fair name—
The long drum roll and the gun's brazen shout.
He crouched on his knees, he jammed in the shell,
He closed up the breech, he twisted the crank,
He flung up his arms,—he had been ushered to Hell,—
'Cross the wheels of his cannon his limp form sank.

Did I say that this man's soul went below,
To writhe in agony, hatred and pain?
And of course you ask how in Hell I know,
And you laugh at my thought of war in disdain.
But I've seen the Devil with gun and sword
Crouch at the side of Jesus the Son,
With a leer on his face and a curse for a word,
Without thought in his soul for a deed well done.
And the moon shone down on that battlefield
And bathed thousands of dead in her brilliant light,
Their staring eyes turned to the azure blue shield;
And the ghosts crept among them that awful night.

FOR AN INCH OR TWO OF LAND

Amidst the débris of the dead, that lay like one black blot,
A bit of torn up earth, on which was sprawled a thousand
 crumpled forms,—

A year of Hell to hold and keep this awful carnage spot:—
A piled up mass of tangled dead relieved from war's alarms.
A million shells exploded—a screaming battle song of hate—
Five times ten thousand lives tossed high on funeral pyres;
The rataplan of angry drums, the silence of grim Fate,
The surging rush of human souls aflame in burning fires.
At last, the breach is made, and like a leaping wave
The tide of maddened legions rush on to vantage spot
Across that bit of torn up earth—a yawning dismal grave,—
Amidst the débris of the dead, that lay like one black blot.

THE NEW HERO

The wires were hot with the bloomin' news
That came from the bloody front,
The click of Morse told its ghastly tale,
The smear of it all in grim detail.
You had what you got, there was nothing to choose,
And you ticked it out with a beastly grunt.

What in Hell does a brass pounder know
'Bout the bloomin' art of war?
With the sweat a-rollin' down his chin,
All wet outside and dry within,
While a hell of a tale makes your damn soul grow
A hundred years old 'neath the fresh made scar.

And we clicked off the news just back of the lines,
While our hearts stabbed against our ribs,
Our blood red eyes saw the black of the thing,
When suddenly ticked out the name of Byng.
Great Gawd, he had done it—the impossible thing—
A new 'ero was made, and his name was Byng.

HINDY DEAD!

Hindy dead! Gawd man! 'E cawnt be dead!
Wot's the use o' fightin' in such a blawsted gyme,
Shut yer bloomink mouth or I'll bash in your blymed old 'ead,
S'elp me Gawd, I will! Sure the Crown Prince, *'ell be dead next*
time.

Hindy dead!—that bleedin' blood red butcher
With his scowling mug and pair o' gimlet heyes,—
I wouldn't be in 'Ell with him, the low bred Prussian moocher;
Blyme it, man, yer misinformed! such beasts they never dies.
Hindy dead!—who'll pay for all this blood red killin'?
And all the time I've prayed that I might be the man
To shove a bay'nit in his guts, and watch his blood a-spillin';
And now you come, and say, "'E's dead!"—*Oh, you be dam'!*
I've bin a fightin' man for thirty years, but blyme me, mate,
I've never known this bloomink thirst for *one man's blood before*;
I'd march right up to 'Ell's wide open gate
To get a crack at Hindy; this news it makes me horful sore.
W'y! I was on with French and saw the soldiers crucified,
And saw the murderin' beastly 'Uns gouge out kiddies' heyes.
I told the bloomink conscripts and they thought that I had lied;
I put the blyme on Hindy! Now the blitherin' blighter dies!
S'elp me Gawd! this war's no use if such as 'e goes West,
And there'll be no bloody reason left for me to longer fight,—
Move over in your own trench! I'm tired, and want to rest,—
Let's pray that Hindy *isn't dead*—for *my sake, mate!* Good night.

WITH HAIG

Up to the mouth of the six inch gun with Haig,
Through the slimy mud stained with blood
We go to our grave still gloriously brave;
No quarter we give, no quarter we ask,
Up to our hips in the bloody task.
God! what a privilege 'tis to slaughter the Hun with Haig!

No sleep, no rest, no time to eat, playing the game with Haig;
The guns are hot with our answering shot,
The Hun we dare in the sunlight's glare,
We have just one thought, just one prayer,
We say it in hope and *not* in despair—
And that is to keep on playing the game with Haig.

They will hang on our breast a bit of bronze for Haig;
With our blood 'twill be bought, and they'll know we fought,
Fought with the sweat in our bloomin' eyes
With no attempt our hate to disguise,
Fighting like Hell for that wonderful prize,—
Fighting for World Democracy—under the banner of Haig.

TILL THE BLOOMIN' BLIGHTER'S DEAD

Don't tell me any more 'bout that 'eathen Gunga Din,
Sure the Tommies in those days didn't know the art o' war;
For we've faced an awful slaughter,
Without food or drop o' water,
And our scurvy old white bodies show an ugly deep red scar.
Them was gentlemen—those Paythins who the Tommies used to
fight.

Gawd blawst these 'ungry 'Uns! their souls is black as night.
Listen, matey! did you 'ear the voice o' 'Aig?
Gawd, man! did you ever 'ear a Field Marshal beg?
Well 'es a-beggin' now! God bless you, 'Aig, Old Top!
'Ere we are, at your command, and 'ere we *stop*.
Sure we're waitin' for you to give the bloomin' word, "Advance!"
And we'll drive the bloody 'Uns clear across the soil o' France!
So, 'ere's to you, Tommie Atkins; you've proved that you're no
blighter—

The world 'as got to go some to produce a better fighter!
Sight your gun a little 'igher, matey; Gawd, but *fightin' is a sin!*
Did you 'ear old Marshal 'Aig shout, "*Stand and Fight!*"
Well, 'e means for us to scrap as we've never scrapped before,
'N that's just exactly what we all mean to do,
And the bloody game is left entirely up to me and you.
Sure we're goin' to smash old Hindy while on British blood 'e's
drunk;

Though our cannon wheels up to their 'ubs in Flanders mud are
sunk,
For we've got to keep the murderin' 'Uns from the Channel ports'
shore.

Like the bloomin' Rock o' Gib' we will 'ave to stand our ground.
We'll obey the mighty voice o' 'Aig, for we loves its grizzly
sound.

Up and at them, Tommie Atkins! Pump their damn 'ides full o'
lead!

For an 'Un he cawnt be trusted 'till the Bloomin' Blighter's
dead.

TELL US, O WONDERFUL WOMAN!

Tell us, O Wonderful Woman! you of the patient soul,—
How do things go back of us, far back, behind the lines?
Can you see the smoke of our guns, do you hear their echoes
roll,
Do you silently stand at Vesper time and pray, with the stroke
of the chimes?
Do you keep "The Home Fires Burning," is there a candle light
in the room,
Do you pray for our safe returning after the dreadful gloom?
Is the love light still in our sweetheart's eyes, the smile upon
her lips?
For such we would fight and willingly die, in blood up to our hips.

Tell us, O Wonderful Woman, as you look at the blood red sky,
Are you giving the best that is in your soul, like us, are you
willing to die?
Do our heart beats answer each other, does the blood that
flows in our veins,
Make you catch the faint whisper; Mother, as we writhe in
the battle pains?
For we are fighting for you, O Woman, through the red of
the awful day,
We will fight to the last for Victory and naught will our souls
dismay!
For we hear the sound of your chanting voice as you sing the
glorious hymn,
America! America! And the tears make our eyes grow dim.

PAL O' MY HEART

Pal O' My Heart, Goodbye! Goodbye!
Pal O' My Heart, shall we never more meet?
I left you, O Pal O' My Heart with a sigh—
May the God who looks o'er us keep our memories sweet.
Pal O' My Heart, your gray haunting eyes
Keep searching the innermost thought of my brain;
Pal O' My Heart, such love never dies
As the love that you gave me, but my soul suffers pain.
Pal O' My Heart, where the lily and rose,
White, and blood Red, are mingled with Blue,
Search for my body where the River Aisne flows,
For I've given my life for Freedom and You.
Pal O' My Heart, Goodbye! Goodbye!
May the love I bequeath you, O Pal! never die.

UNDER THE LILIES AND ROSE

Under the Lilies of France, under the English Rose,
Beneath their blossoming petals, a million heroes repose;
They sleep the days and nights away,
Awaiting the sound of Judgment Day,
Shrouded in garments of soft-toned gray,
Waiting the day, oh! waiting the day;
Waiting the day when the good God above,
Lights up the heavens with a tender smile,
When the angels sing a hymn of love,
When the world is free from sin and guile.
Under the Lilies of France, under the English Rose,
Beneath their blossoming petals a million heroes repose.

THE ARIZONA DESERT

The solitude of the desert creeps into the blood of my veins
As I look across the miles and miles of arid sand-covered plains.
I behold the majestic mountains as they pierce the blue of the
sky,

And I no longer wonder when I hear the desert's cry.
For the cry of the desert is in the voice of God calling to tired-
out men—

Come unto me in solitude; come and find hope again.

Then I watch the shadows creeping across the desert's breast,
They're the shadow of Christ as He walks the earth pleading
and praying for rest;

Then the sins that are within us are washed away, one by one,
In the glorious, streaming, golden light of the desert's God-
given sun.

And the voice of hate is silenced and love is born in our brain,
And it augurs not well for the beast of a man found inflicting
a useless pain.

There's a mystic shrine in the desert, at the base of a mountain
tall,

You can hear the spirits of those who are dead faintly whisper
and call:

They call to those of their loved ones: "Come out on the desert
and pray

Come out and stand in the light of the sun and your sins will
be washed away."

And the desert of Arizona calls unto those who are men,
Come unto me in solitude, come and find hope again.

Allies

BRITISH EMPIRE

England does not make the Empire,
Nor does Scotland, Ireland, Wales;
Where the flags fly, there's the Empire,
And they fly, tho' foe assails.

Where the guns roar, there's the Empire;
Where the gaunt, gray dreadnoughts lie,
Circling mass of steel and cannon—
The Empire's where the war-flags fly.

Where the sheep graze in Australia,
Where the farms dot Canadian soil,
Where the tribesmen of the desert
Mingle sweat with those who toil;

Where the waters flow through Egypt—
Waters from the dark blue Nile—
There's the Empire! stretching eastward,
Ever free from Prussian guile.

India! Blazing like a sapphire,
True to Britain's King and Queen,
Africa, loosed from grasp of conquest,
Rope of pearls in Carribean.

There's your Empire, sons of Britain,
Sons of free men, not of slaves;
The word across the sky's been written,
The Empire stands where the war-flag waves.

Allied nations to the rescue,
Answering shot with gun for gun;
Roar out cannon—'mong the lilies'
Red drenched petals—blood of Hun.

Belgium called in time of need—
Your souls you found, O British sons!
Dared by Prussia's lustful greed
You answered her with thundering guns.

Men from across the seven seas,
Stern of face and brave of soul,
Beckoned by thy flaming finger
Swiftly answered war drums' roll.

Steel of bayonet, steel of sword,
Flashing out 'neath banners bold,
Hammered steel-strong bonds of Empire
Fused in blood and molten gold.

Fling the flags out east and westward,
Fling them further, north and south;
Union Jack—Colonial war flags,
Follow them to cannon's mouth.

Cease you? Never! grim and stubborn
British bull-dogs that you are,
Make the Hun salute that Empire
Tho' your soul show blood-red scar.

British Empire! O God, we greet Thee,
Prussian arms cannot defeat Thee,
Justice did not need entreat Thee—
Stretch out arms across the sea.

PICARDY

A field in France, where roses bloom,
A garden spot, where tall white lilies grow,
A sweep of sunkissed earth; an enchanted loom
Where angel fingers weave the day's soft afterglow.
A bit of crescent moon low hung in amber sky,
A frieze of soft gray cloud, a shimmering silver haze,
A trembling breeze, like sleeping infants sigh,
Recall to me the memories of old Picardy days.
A black-robed priest with shaven head
Stands in pensive mood by ruined altar rail,
And murmurs prayers for France's hero dead,
Who fought to keep on earth the Holy Grail.
The sullen echoes of the foes' retreating guns,
The curling smoke from embers of a burning home,
The tall white lilies, red with blood of evil Huns,
Wave to the crimson roses, but the Soul of France doth moan.
The Soul of France cries not aloud in fear,
Nor for a vengeance not countenanced by God,
She points her finger at Belgium's desecrated bier
And shivers at the sight of her own blood-deluged sod.
She hurls her armies on, in clean sublime disdain,
And carves with sword her right to longer live;
She fights that Berlin's Beast may die, so God again may reign;
She struggles on e'en though her last warm drop of blood
she give.

And youth from other lands give aid to suffering France
And offer up their lives on shell-torn battlefield;
America, in love and justice, grimly doth advance
With vow of world-wide Freedom inscribed upon her shield.
The evil visage of the Hun shows naught but hate,
As backward, inch by inch, he lays the soil to waste.
The answering shot from Allied gun does not abate
The stinging lash of punishment the Goth has yet to taste;
For there will be another field in France where roses bloom,
Another garden spot wherein tall white lilies grow,
And God's own finger will thread an enchanted loom,
And weave a peaceful fabric, white as driven snow.

MOTHER McCHREE

Where's your son, O Mother McChree, God bless you, where's
your son?

He's gone to the war, where he ought to be;

He's a-fightin' for you, and a-fightin' for me.

Where's your daughter, Mother McChree, the one with the
golden hair?

She's sailed across the wild Irish Sea,

She's a-fightin' for you,—a-fightin' for me;

She's a-makin' munitions in London town,

And sings when the raiders drop gas bombs down,—

Shure my son and my daughter, Terence O'Toole, are a fightin'
Irish pair.

Where's the ould man, Mother McChree, where's the ould
divil gone?

He's been buried these three years in a shallow trench;

Shure he was one of the first who wint over with French.

God bless the three of them, Terence O'Toole, they niver did
anythin' wrong.

Would you take a handful o' Proosian gold, Mother McChree,
from me?

For the days they are bleak and the nights are cold,

And the Saints won't care, for you're growin' old;

All that is asked of you is to throw out a light on the sea.

Terence O'Toole, you're a dam' ould fool,—away with your
Proosian gold,—
I can't walk from here into Dublin town,—
You're a traitor, and God should strike you down.
You should be burnin' with Casement along with the divil in
Hell.
Were the likes of you wiped from Irish soil, there would be no
scoundrels to tell
Of the terrors of Clan na Gael, of the crimes of the Sein
Fein crew,
Of the bloody days in Sackville street, when you and Con
Shugrue
Fought with Proosian rifles and murdered the King's men brave,
And sold your souls for the Kaiser's gold, to make Ireland
Proosia's slave.
And now you come to old Mother McChree,
And ask her to throw out a light on the sea,
In order to guide a Hun submarine
To redden with blood the emerald green
Of Ireland's soil,—to murder, rape, burn.
My God! Terence O'Toole, is it Ireland's turn?
Go back to Dublin, to your murderin' gang,
Go back to those willing God's Son to betray;
Tell them Mother McChree "God Save the King" sang,
While you sold out Ireland for Proosian pay.
Molly, my daughter, in London town,
Sings when the raiders drop gas bombs down,
Dennis, my son—across the wild Irish sea
Is coming back home,—on his breast a V. C.;
Good day, Terence O'Toole—you're not lookin' so well,
May you be shot for a traitor, and your soul burn in Hell!

QUIT YOUR POLITICS—COME OUT AND FIGHT

There's a flash of sword, a shriek of shell, a sullen deep toned roar,
We've got fighting men in Flanders, but we need some millions
more.

We are crossing swords with Prussia, knee to knee and hand to hand,
We are meeting her upon the sea and beating her on land;
Do you hear the blessed music of the guns,
As they sing a funeral dirge for the Huns?

There are men from the Shannon, from the Liffey, from the Tyne,
Hurling death from cannon into Hindenberg's line;
India's blood and Ireland's blood bathes the soil of France
Mixed in with Flanders mud,—God how they advance!

There's the fighting man from Oregon, California, Maine,
Laughing where the bayonets flash, where death doth reign;
Shoulder to shoulder with Englishman and Scot
Charging where the shells fall, where the guns are hot.

Hold the voice of Parliament, send us men and guns,
Silence the words of Asquith, for we're beating down the Huns!
For four long years we've struggled and the game is now in
sight,—
For God's sake quit your politics,—come out and help us fight!

We've stood the gaff with George and Haig, we can stand it
yet awhile,
But we're damned if we'll fight politics with a silly soldier's
smile!
We are holding them on Flanders front, we will drive them to
Berlin,
'Tis the year that Kitchener said we would,—if we lose 'twill
be a sin!
So come on, ye Lords and Premiers, fall in line behind the guns!
'Tis the year that dear old Kitchener said we'd whip the
bloody Huns.

TRAITORS IN RUSSIA

They caress the dice box of stubborn fate
And roll out the cubes in disdain;
They gamble in blood and affairs of state
While the world writhes in anguish and pain;
They hover like moths 'round the dying flame
Of Liberty, Freedom, and Life;
They grope in the dark of eternal shame
And barter their future for strife;
No national pride fills their souls with desire,
Their hand fails to grasp the sword,
They lack courage to build the beacon fire
Of a deed that is greater than word;
The dice roll out as the palsied hand
Toys with their nation's fate,
The world looks aghast 'cross the frozen land,
Wrecked by its monsters of hate.

NEVER AGAIN!

AMERICA'S ANSWER TO "THE DAY"

It is our turn now to arise and stand,
Holding o'erhead in a steady hand
A glass, and its contents we will drain;
We will not give utterance to a sinister boast
Nor challenge the world with an evil toast;
Quietly, like men, we'll repeat these words: *Never Again!*

For a long, long time we dreaded the hour
That would call us to arms to prove our power.
The die is cast, 'twill be anguish and pain;
We have answered the threat hurled in our face—
A million gray forms have taken their place.
Bravely, like men, we will win this war. Then? *Never Again!*

We have too much soul for a slogan of hate,
God forbid that dishoner may be our fate,
We've unsheathed our sword, but not in disdain;
Battle we must. God grant for the right,—
Faith, Hope, Charity, God's Trinity of Might
Safe in our keeping—*Yes we will win!* Then? *Never Again!*

Secure in the circle of light from God's throne,
No wages of sin, no deeds to disown.
On, through the smoke, 'midst the leaden rain,
Reckoning not who will have to pay;
Yours was the challenge, the toast of the day,—
But we'll whip you. God wills it. Then? *Never Again!*

Years of sorrowful torture, with no recompense,
Saddened by lack of reason and sense,
A world of black horror deadened with pain.
No, we will not give utterance to sinister boast
Nor soil our lips with an evil toast;
But lest you forget—we shall crush you. Then? *Never Again!*

Prussia

HOSTS OF GHOSTS

The marching tread of the blood red dead,
Keeping step to the ghost drums beat,
The echoing sound, on the shell torn ground,
As the helmeted hosts of Huns retreat;
Ghosts of hosts,
Who haunt the red stained fields;
Hosts of ghosts,
Who flaunt the dread flamed shields;
An endless echo of guns' sullen roar;
Not a note of mercy do the Huns implore.
Backward! Backward! 'Tis the Hun's retreat,
Keeping step to the ghost-drums' beat;
A bent, gray line of blood red dead,
In measured time, the marching tread
Of ten million feet shuffling o'er the ground;
Not a word, not a look, not a guttural sound;
The Boast of Prussia lies trailed in the dust,
On her sword is a smear of blood-stained rust.

GOTT—!

Our father, who art in Berlin,
Wilhelm the Gross thy name,
Give us this day our daily bread,
Which thou didst steal from Louvain.
Forgive us the most atrocious sin
Of determining to get thy goat,
For we are going to enter Berlin
Though you sink every Allied boat.
Deliver us from the evil
Of casting most covetous eyes
Upon the land of Alsace-Lorraine,
A jewel which thou didst not prize.
For thine was once the kingdom
And the glory among all men,
But thy withered arm
Hath done all its harm
Forever and ever, Amen.

THE DEFEATED SERPENT PRUSSIA—A PROPHECY

Black and slimy, hugging the earth, creeping and crawling along,
Leaving a trail of blood and filth, a record of terrible wrong;
A thousand miles of mottled men crouching in sodden retreat—
A helmeted snake, beaten and bruised, crushed by fearful defeat.

A brazen serpent, with poison fang, a beady red-circled eye,
A drooling, dripping, cavernous mouth, a sibilant, hissing cry;
A creaking wheel of grumbling gun, a broken lance and sword,
A starving, demented, distorted mass, a shuffling, stumbling
horde.

On, through valleys of black, burnt trees, its sinuous way it
wends,
An agonized sound of victims' wails—an echo that never ends;
A long drawn breath of utter despair, an angry sullen moan,
As hobnailed heels crush phantom skulls, eliciting a ghastly
groan.

Oh, the world looks on in fearful hate, as the serpent crawls
along,
Muttering its curse of impotent rage, hissing its strafing song!
And the strident roll of its cracked war drums sounds a slow
retreat,
And the snake crawls on, in the filthy mud of terrible, bloody
defeat.

The Kaiser rides by the side of his son, two creatures in drab
and gray,
Leading the serpent's sinuous march, with no hope for a
Future Day.
Millions of eyes gaze on in disgust, not a word of pity or love,
The serpent has hissed its last angry cry at the patient God
above.

TONGUES

Serpent tongues, whispering scandal,
Reeking, slimy tongues of hate,
Tongues more cruel than the vandal,
Tongues that tell the truth too late;
Tongues that kill the souls in women,
Tongues that murder in the dark,
Tongues that lie but never die,
Tongues that kindle mischief's spark;
Poisoned fangs that ooze a toxin
Brewed in caverns of a brain,
Spewing falsehoods like a river,
Spelling only one word—pain.
Tongues that rob you of a friend,
Tongues that drive you mad with grief,
Tongues that make you wish to end
The one big hope in God—Belief.
Lying tongues and crying tongues,
Tongues more cruel than the vandal,
Torturing, slimy, filthy tongues;
Serpent tongues of whispering scandal.

THE SWAN SONG

Germany sings her swan song
Under the linden tree,
The night is dark and the day is long—
'Tis the voice of Lorelei.
There's a blood-red moon, there's a sullen boom
Of a gun that sings requiem,
There never shall be another *day*,
For German blood can no longer pay;
Germany sings her swan song, her one last battle hymn.

THE RAINBOW

God flung out a handful of earth and sky,
And tossed a granite mountain in its midst,
And reared a giant forest towering high,
And wove a lattice work of rose and mignonette,
And stretched an arc of rainbow from hill to hill—
A bridge for angels to loiter on in peace;
A cavern peopled with fireflies, a creeping rill—
And a poet came who drank his soul's deep fill
And wrote a crooning melody of life's one sweet song,
Then wandered off and whispered words of joyful hope
And sent life's message, Love! swiftly hurrying along.

Peace

THE SOUL

This world was made in a moment of peace,
Planned by a master hand;
A bit of heaven, a bit of sea,
A bit of smiling land,
A ribbon of golden sunlight,
A filtered bit of moon's ray,
A trembling night of sheer delight,
A glorious, wonderful day.
And a people after God's image
Lingered and loitered and stole,
And invented a plan to eternally damn
The thing God entrusted to their care—
The supreme, exalted, spiritual prayer
The essence of God Almighty's theme—the Soul.

A million pleas go to heaven
Uttered in hypocrites' prayer,
A million creeds work a million deeds
At which God doth wonderingly stare.
A weapon is hammered from molten steel
Which, used by man, makes religion reel;
The gun and sword is man's spoken word,
The voice of Christ is no longer heard;
The shrieking shell, the cannons' roll
Have settled the score forevermore
'Twixt man and the God who gave us the thing
Which we've throttled and strangled in unholy lust
'Til the angels in heaven have screamed in disgust,
And we've thrown at God's feet the supreme thing—Our Soul.

But we will battle on for a million years
Though the world be bathed and drenched in tears;
We will hammer away by night and day
'Til again the pendulum's erratic sway
Shall reach the dead centre of godlike themes
And arouse ourselves from destructive dreams;
For part of the world is bound to be right—
God grant it is us as we make the fight,
For blood must be spilled and man must be killed
And woman must shiver in dread,
But childhood prayer must ascend up there
Or else we must reckon with hopes that are dead,
And the thunderous sound of cannons' roll
Must be the one hope found to redeem the Soul.

NOT UNTIL—NO NOT UNTIL!

Whence comes the cry of peace?

From Belgium, who bared her breast and said "Come On!"?

No, not yet, nor for a dozen gaunt, grim, starving years,

Not from Belgium, mingling blood with children's tears,

With flesh torn into ribbons, where Prussia's cruel whip

Broke the body—but brought no pleading cry from lip

For peace; Belgium cries not yet for peace, but says "Fight On!"

Whence comes the cry for peace?

From France, who drew her sword and looked into the eye of
God,

And gave her consecrated word to perish in the fray

Regardless of the cost, all willing with their blood to pay

The fearful price? *No, not yet!* 'Tis not the voice of France

Who asks to sign a pact, but calmly says "*Advance!*"

The while entombing her gallant dead 'neath blood soaked sod.

Who sounds the whispered word, peace?

Britain? or America? whose supreme thought is Liberty or
Death.

They, who stand within the glare of God's great sun,

Drenched unto their skin with red sprayed blood of Hun,

Have they cried peace? *No, not yet!* Thank God, they never
will

Until the vision of the Christ on Calvary's hill

Shall speak the words, "Cease firing!" in hushed and awesome
breath.

The snarling Hun has *thrice* screamed out word—peace!

And thrice again before this awful tragedy is done

Will beg for peace—and beg—and beg again—

While writhes his loathsome body in the agony of pain.

Peace? Yes!—but only in the cannons' roar and bayonets'
flash.

Peace? Yes!—when Prussia swirls in vortex of final crash;

But not until! No, not until! and thus, God's will be done.

AT THE WORLD'S CLOSED DOOR

The shadowy shape of the Son of God stands at the world's closed door.

There's a halo of light o'er his garments white
And he sorrowfully looks on the gruesome sight
Of a blood stained earth cringing in fright;
Of a pall of hatred—black as night.

He softly taps with his finger tips,
Whispering a prayer with white, drawn lips.
He silently stands at the world's closed door:

“Open! In the name of God, I implore!”

There's a blood drenched beast with his hobnailed boot thrust
against the world's closed door;

He hisses at God a challenging word
And waves o'er his head a blood-stained sword;
The Prince of Darkness in armor red
Crouches and grins o'er the furrows of dead;
His skeleton hands clutch a soft white throat
And his serpent eyes in ecstasy gloat.

The Man of Sorrows softly prays,
“Open! In the name of God, I implore!”

There's a turgid river, a river of death, shut in by the world's
closed door.

The world is hushed as it holds its breath;
It looks aghast on the struggle of death;
Many are the mortals who will be bereft;
'Mong the millions of fighters there will be few left;
But the tide is turned at the River of Death,
And the hushed, hushed world releases its breath,
For the followers of Christ have heard his prayer:
"Open! In the name of God, I implore!"

The angels of God at the River Marne hurl themselves at the
world's closed door,
Guided by God, to our aid they have flown.
The Christ man kneels by the Great White Throne.
The blood drenched Beast is at last at bay;
His boast is a lie! his boast "*of the day.*"
There's a rainbow curved from west to east—
Never again will the savage blond beast
Shut in God's face the door of the world.
No never! Nevermore!

RENDEZVOUS WITH PEACE

I have a rendezvous with Peace,
And in the brilliant light of God's White Throne
The world shall kneel and beg surcease,
And gaze upon My Cross and for its sins atone;
And with the blood I gave long years ago
Atop the peak of Calvary's hideous mount,
That other blood of tortured souls shall flow
Purified and cleansed from God's eternal fount.

I have a rendezvous with Peace,
And in the secret sorrow of an age-sick soul
I shall demand that human slaughter cease
And that the world again be safe in God's control;
For man no longer knows the mysteries of life,
Nor holds the destinies of earth in hallowed palm,
No longer shall he rule the world by strife,
No longer shall he tocsin war's alarm.

I have a rendezvous with Peace,
Nor shall it be where sullen guns do frown,
Nor shall it be 'til man-made empires cease
And kings discard the useless robe and crown.
I offer you the Earthly Brotherhood of Man,
That from the horror of your sins you'll find release.
Ever since your lust for human blood began
I have prayed to have a rendezvous with Peace.





FEB. 69



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